

1141970

subject of

DATE DUE

[illegible]

On Inspiration

ON INSPIRATION

BEING

OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY EMINENT
COMPOSERS OF TO-DAY ON A SUBJECT
OF GENERAL INTEREST.

J. & W. CHESTER, LTD.,
11, Great Marlborough Street,
LONDON, W. 1.

These "opinions" were originally
published in "*The Chesterian*,"
and are reprinted in complete form
to meet a general demand.

ON INSPIRATION.

PREFACE

It is with a feeling almost of embarrassment that I find my name associated with so distinguished a company of authors as have combined to make this book. All that I did to bring about this imposing event was to put forward a hypothesis about the nature of musical inspiration. I was careful to claim nothing more for it than that it was a possible hypothesis, and now here it is subjected, as every reasonable hypothesis should be subjected, to the questions : " Does it fit the facts ? " " Will it square with the experience of A, B, C, and D ? " Here come A, B, C, D, and many more besides to bear their testimony. It is for the reader to decide whether my hypothesis can as a result of the examination be promoted to the rank of temporary truth, for the most ambitious hypothesis can nowadays only aspire to hold the field as an honest working hypothesis for a little while. Even in the physical sciences conceptions like matter, time, cause and force, which have so long and so comfortably held the field, are going down like ninepins. How much more unstable will be the first tentative deductions from the infant science of psychology ? Moreover it may well be, as our Italian contributors hope, that the problem of inspiration will never be even so much as stated in any workable formula however provisional and tentative. None the less my humble hypothesis makes its bid for temporary acceptance.

But before it goes into the crucible I had better say again what precisely it is. Stated dogmatically without the arguments with which I supported it in my book *The Borderland of Music and Psychology*, my hypothesis is this :

The mind of a composer, like every other mind, consists to begin with of a number of instincts and an intellectual apparatus. The mind of man is no *tabula rasa* except in respect of knowledge of the outer world. In this it is, as Locke said, a bare sheet,

until imagery of every kind has been written on it—visual, audile, tactile, ideational, brought to it through the senses. These images are the raw material of experience and they are immediately submitted to a process of assimilation by the innate powers of the mind. As a matter of practical working the mind has more than one department at different levels of consciousness. The sub-conscious part of a man's mind is at once the storehouse of his experience and the source of his mental energy (derived from the instincts). Now what does the mind, so equipped, do when it creates a new artistic creation? It is not scientific to believe that anything can be created out of nothing, however new, strange, or independent of the past it seems. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* My answer is that the mind, receiving a new stimulus from the outer world of experience, performs an act of comparison of this new material with the experience already stored in the sub-conscious. All intuition seems to me to be of this character, and artistic creation is a special form of intuition. From the union of new and old something which never had a previous independent existence is born, just as a baby, a new individual, is created by the union of two pre-existing parent cells.“ An appropriate stimulus enters the artist's consciousness and penetrates to the deeper levels of his mind, where it finds memories, associations and analogies. An act of comparison takes place and causes to burst up into full consciousness a new intuition which represents the reaction of his whole personality to the new experience.” One further factor is involved in the case of a musical creation and that is the power of symbolising in sound the intuitions which the mind makes. Symbolising is one of the fundamental powers of the human mind, and consists of substituting one image for another, usually one of simpler form but richer content for one of vaguer form with poorer content. By this power visual and ideational images may be converted into audile imagery, just

as a poet may convert a visual image of a flower or an event into verbal imagery, or a painter convert an abstract idea into a visual image. Both the powers of intuition and symbol-making are common to all minds, but the artists and scientists (for in the last resort art and science are both exercises of the imagination in highly specialized forms) have exceptional powers of making intuitions. The sluggish mind cannot put two and two together ; the genius sees that four is four before the indifferent mind has counted up the twos. The musician is an artist who has exceptional powers of making and understanding symbols in sound.

Such roughly is the theory of art as intuition. What is the part played by work ? Several contributors have mentioned Baudelaire's " L'inspiration, c'est travailler tous les jours." Jarnach quotes it. De Breville says that inspiration, the special creative gift, and work are indissociable. Medtner stresses the necessity of work as a condition of putting the mind into a condition in which inspiration can occur. This indeed seems to answer this part of the problem : without work the mind will be an unready vehicle for the flashes of intuition, though mere labour and inspiration are not the same thing.

There is also a fair measure of agreement that what actually happens at the birth of a musical composition is that an idea " occurs " to the composer—several speak of clairvoyance (Bliss and Bax), and several of " flashes " and of sudden illumination (de Breville, Medtner and Toch). Such descriptions fit intuition perfectly.

It is interesting to put alongside of the opinions here expressed one or two from the great composers of the past. One of the most illuminating is that of Byrd, who in the preface to the first book of his *Gradualia* writes : Porro, illis ipsis sententiis (ut experiendo didici) adeo abstrusa atque recondita vis inest ; ut divina cogitanti diligenterque ac serio pervolutanti ; nescio

quonam modo, aptissimi quique numeri, quasi sponte accurrant sua ; animoque minime ignavo atque inerti liberaliter ipsi sese offerant (furthermore, there is in those very sentiments—as I have learned by experience—a mysterious hidden power, so that to anyone who considers carefully the divine mysteries and seriously ponders them in his heart the most appropriate strains occur of their own accord in some strange way and offer themselves copiously even when one's mind is sluggish and inactive). Byrd at any rate makes it fairly clear that “purely musical” problems did not occupy much of his consciousness when composing, and he adds his testimony to those who hold the view that the inspiration occurs like a vision, clairvoyance or a “flash” of intuition, following on mental “work.”

Beethoven's method of composition seems to have been much more like that described by Ravel, in which the big but still vague idea floats in the mind first, and concentrated work is necessary before it will take definite shape. Beethoven says in one of his letters : “Also in my instrumental music I always have the whole in my mind,” which is probably another way of saying that he always worked to a picture. Mozart bears testimony to this power of the composer of seeing a work whole, i.e., if the letter in which he describes his way of composing is genuine, which seems improbable : “My subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them as it were all at once (*gleich alles zusammen*). It is a pity that the letter cannot be confidently accepted, since the last point is important and agrees with what Goossens and others have said about the unity of mood of a long composition.

A word or two about the validity of conclusions based on such

a method as that here employed is desirable. The questionnaire is being more and more widely and profitably used in musical psychology. It has hitherto been employed most in trying to ascertain the *effects* of music. The present enquiry is more ambitious, and is applied for the first time to the sources of music. It is not however an easy method to use. In the first place if precision is required in the result the questions have to be strictly framed, and in the second place, as several of the present writers admit, the process is in part subconscious and therefore cannot be reliably described. Holst goes straight to this point when he says "a composer is usually quite unconscious of what is going on and therefore easily deceived." This is well said, and comes better from a composer than from a psychologist. But if the composer had not said it the psychologist would have been obliged to, for though the composer alone can give us first-hand information, he, no more than the rest of us, can reveal without some special technique, the workings of his subconscious mind.

In the present instance the form of the question was purposely left vague with a view to giving wider scope for reply—since almost anything that a composer can say about his method of work will be interesting. It is in fact a symposium rather than a questionnaire. Two specific points however were mentioned in addition to the request for a general statement on the nature of inspiration. These were (1) How is inspiration maintained through a long work—this question becomes all the more pertinent in the light of the common description of it as a flash ; and (2) of what is the composer chiefly aware in the process of composition—the idea or the emotion he is trying to express or the solution of the purely musical problems involved ?

Interesting replies to both these questions will be found. Eugene Goossens answers the first decisively one way, while Casella with certain reservations holds the opposite view. Those

composers who answer the second question seem to have read too much criticism, with its sharp distinction between absolute and programme music, to give us much first-hand information on the point. On the other hand the subjective feelings of a composer at work are just precisely the feature which is most likely to vary widely from one composer to another (Roussel and Schreker agree with Holst in stressing the differences between individual composers).

May I in conclusion, as a person interested in musical psychology, express thanks to these eminent composers for supplying this invaluable information? The suspicion, which is hinted by some and avowed by others, that to pry into the source of so rare and precious a thing as inspiration is to expose it to the danger of evaporation, is shared by others who mistrust any form of introspection. If this suspicion gains ground advance in psychological knowledge will be hindered, and psychological knowledge apart from its proved utility is the most interesting thing in the world. We are not in point of fact seeking utility in this enquiry. We do not imagine for a minute, even if we were successful in finding a formula for inspiration, that it could be applied mechanically and turn talent into genius. We do not aim at making inspiration; we do not think it possible. But we do aim at understanding one of the most wonderful powers of the human mind.

Why is it desirable for us to understand the human mind? Most people would rightly say that it is desirable for its own sake. Some would go further and say that in these days when knowledge of the natural world has outstripped the power of man to use it wisely, the thing that man most needs is more self-knowledge.

FRANK HOWES.

ON INSPIRATION

Of all the questions which Music can address to Psychology the most searching is 'What is the nature of inspiration?'

This question was raised a year ago by Mr. Frank Howes at the opening of the seventh chapter in that most stimulating and in many respects remarkable book "The Borderland of Music and Psychology." "Can Psychology say anything useful on that central problem which baffles musicians, defies philosophers, disconcerts educationists and fascinates the plain man"; he asks further and is compelled to add: "The answer to that question is 'Not much' and must be pitched in a humble key." It was in order to supplement what Howes himself has to say on the subject in the chapter I am quoting from and which I should advise everyone interested to read with care, that I decided to submit the problem and its peculiarly musical implications to the leading composers of our day, and it is the result of this enquiry I am now laying before my readers.

The great difficulty of an enquiry of this kind is that, some, not unnaturally, look upon it as an impertinent curiosity, as an endeavour to tear asunder the veil that shrouds the Sanctum Sanctorum of their art. It is in some such feeling that Ildebrando Pizzetti's reply originates. One is almost conscious of a sense of fear lest investigation of the secret sources whence inspiration springs might suddenly dry them up.

It is clear from most of the letters that the composers themselves consider inspiration as a state of clairvoyance, in the words of Arthur Bliss, and that this frame of mind can be recalled—without effort, as Albert Roussel tells us—during the course of a long work. How the inspiration comes to them is a mystery that baffles all. In a lecture which France's greatest living poet, Paul Valéry gave at the Institut Français a month or

so ago, he quoted a few facts from his own experience which may carry us a step further. Sometimes, he told us, a word, a single word, raised a series of images and even of mere sounds which afterwards gave birth to a poem written as it were, around that word, the images reacting upon the sounds in the first instance, the sounds upon the ideas in the second; sometimes a rhythm caught hold of his imagination with such persistence that he conceived an entire poem in that rhythm—with the exception of the words, which after some time seemed to fall naturally into their place. It is extremely interesting to compare Valéry's experience with the reference which Maurice Ravel makes to his second Violin Sonata: long before he conceived any of its themes he had felt the form, the instrumental texture of the sonata and even the character of those very themes, the actual notes of which had not yet occurred to him. Nothing could be more enlightening than the analogy in the processes of those two master-minds working on material in certain respects similar, yet so essentially different as music and poetry. It is in fact because of this essential difference between music and the other arts, because of its peculiar aloofness from common experience upon which all arts except music are allowed and indeed are compelled to draw, that I addressed my questions exclusively to musicians. For it was not only the problem of inspiration itself that I was anxious to elucidate. The extraordinary difficulty of its musical aspect lies in the affinity of music with mathematics not only in respect of the acoustic phenomena on which it is founded and which may be regarded as negligible from a purely artistic point of view, but in respect of such important elements of it as counterpoint in general and fugal writing in particular. No definition of music sheds a more vivid light on that affinity than Leibnitz's famous dictum written 200 years ago, and the implications of which it seems impossible to exhaust: "*Musica est exercitium occultum*"

nescientis se numerare animi.” “ Music is a mysterious arithmetic of the soul unconscious of its calculation.” As Alfredo Casella says in his illuminating communication : “The great fugues of Bach serve admirably as an illustration that in one splendid musical work there can exist simultaneously the inspiration of genius and an art of composition as scientific as a mathematical equation.” The difficulty is to find a bridge between concepts so fundamentally different as “ inspiration ” i.e., pure intuition and the complex intellectual concept of mathematical equation. It must be assumed that the brain of the complete creative musician is so gifted mathematically that his “ unconscious arithmetics ” pervade his consciousness as soon as they are brought into contact with his musical intuition. And this would certainly go a long way to explain why certain composers of so-called absolute music think in terms of homophony such as Chopin for example, whereas others, the greatest—Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, are equally at ease in homophony and polyphony. Teachers of composition will be able to confirm this view, as among their pupils they will find some who naturally incline to contrapuntal inventiveness whereas others will be repelled by it and attracted by harmony.

Although Croce, who identifies in his “ Aesthetics ” intuition with expression (if only mental expression, he says in a chapter on Intuition and Art) denies the existence of “ technique ” as apart from artistic expression—exteriorisation I should prefer to say, since he uses expression in a peculiar sense—I am bound to think that in so far as music is concerned, this proposition rests on a fallacy. Music considered not as “ Ding an sich ” but as we find it in common experience is a highly conventionalised mode of expression which without its peculiar conventions would present no intelligible meaning at all. That these are incomparably more elastic and malleable than the conventional symbols

which we know as words, than the colours and shapes through which painters convey their objectivation of the visible world, in no way prejudices the fact that musicians must be inured to these conventions before widening their scope by expressing in musical terms the reaction of their personality upon their inspiration—if it is possible by an effort of philosophical abstraction to separate these two concepts : in plain language, it is evident that before a composer can set forth with any hope of adequate representation the musical thoughts which have come to him, he must have mastered the technique of his art, his “*métier*” as the French say. In the earlier works of even the greatest composers one nearly always finds that preoccupation with technique (even executive technique) predominates over self-expression and the greater the personality, the more protracted the struggle. Beethoven is a conspicuous example of both these propositions. Although his first period gives us often, as in a flash, a perception of his personality, it is in the second period that it really reveals itself. On the other hand his genius may be said to be struggling with the means of expressing itself up to the very end of his career. Indeed that technique presents problems even to the most accomplished composers, is abundantly clear from the various letters I am now publishing—they will vary as some point out with the object of the composition, whether “absolute” music or music set to an extra-musical idea or to words. But the practical elaboration of either offers lesser difficulties than their actual inception. In the most inspired works of the great composers of the past as well as the present, one instinctively follows the process of how one thought, one musical “*Einfall*,” as the Germans say, is logically born from the thought that precedes it, and I have always felt that one can measure the greatness of a work, in other words, the persistence of its inspiration, by the spontaneity and inevitableness with which one link of the chain is welded to another.

The following letters shed a ray of light on the obscure subjects on which I have dwelt as briefly as possible, in order not alas! to solve but to show the extreme complexity of the problems which I asked the leading composers of our day to unravel. I wish to express to all of them my profound gratitude for the readiness with which they have responded to my call.

L. DUNTON GREEN.

OPINIONS:

ARNOLD BAX.

The smug cliché has it that Genius consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains. I myself think it probable that all that remains really vital in the work of artists throughout the ages, has been given to the so-called "Creator," with little or no conscious mental effort on his part.

The hour or moment of inspiration conditions a total quiescence of that creaking engine, "the brain,"—a state of mind comparable to that of the religious ecstatic.

It may be true, that "one must have chaos in the heart if one could give truth to a dancing Star," but no star was ever born of the struggling intellect.

I should say that a Genius may be described as a man possessed of unusually vigorous physical and nervous vitality and awareness of the actualities of the external world, plus an infinite receptivity and sensitivity to those super personal—and other—world ideas capable of being moulded in the crucible of art. Every human being must have occasionally known these moments of fiery enlightenment, but perhaps the only difference between the normal man and the Genius (or even the highly talented) is that the latter experience them in greater numbers and with more intensity.

I believe too, that these visitations are dependent upon nothing but chance.

Every artist must remember mornings when all the conditions seemed favourable—a mood unharassed by any particular worry, and lit by a fire and excitement that promised to be pregnant with creative force. And yet nothing has come, perhaps because the flame was merely cerebral, or because the

man's being was preoccupied with some transitory enthusiasm underived from basic emotional life.

We all waste a certain amount of time in the attempt to express states of feeling the depths of which we are temperamentally incapable of plumbing.

On another occasion, when the psychic environment would seem to be more than usually unpromising—it may be in an hour of disenchantment or vexation—the vision may suddenly become blessedly clear, possibly through the lack of self consciousness, or because the various conflicting emotional agents cancel one another out, and leave room for the entering of the radiant guest.

But a subject so obscure as this could scarcely be treated adequately in many volumes let alone in few sentences.

All that can be said with certainty is that the truly inspired artist does not possess a gift, but is possessed by it as by a demon.

ARTHUR BLISS

You have set me a very hard task in asking me to commit to paper concrete facts about so elusive a subject as Inspiration—'twere easier to bottle a cloud effect or define a south westerly gale. Like electricity one is well aware of its presence, though hazy as to its source. Perhaps you will agree with me that in one sense it is a condition granted to all artists whatever their medium—that at rare infrequent moments there flashes through a personality not only the vivid imaginative thought but also the creative ability to pin it down in a final and flashing setting : that everyone at one time or another is granted that trembling delicate and snail horn perception of beauty.

The trouble is, of course, that such moments are so intermittent and irretrievable with most of us that they only suffice for a few bars thought, a turn of a phrase, a few strokes of the brush an instant modelling of a muscle.

We have all experienced those clarifying moments when a phrase stood out, as it were, in bas relief, inevitable, as though it had been presented to us suddenly, brought to truth complete, Minerva-like. These are times of the greatest receptivity, when all the senses are alive and responsive to a marked degree. One is living in a state of inward harmony and vitality, as in a white intense light wherein objects impinge on the retina with remarkable clarity. One sees a table for the first time, or senses the pleasure the Chinese has in handling jade, or grasps as with a fist a clotted bunch of notes hitherto dangling evasively.

It is in fact a state of clairvoyance in which abstraction from one's environment and every day life is momentarily complete.

Fortunately or unfortunately the secret of prolonging these states of mind over a long period, keeping them afloat as it were, is known only to one or two in a generation. To sustain a long flight over an extended area requires the sort of volcanic creative activity that Wagner possessed so abundantly. There are many to-day who can use their wings to drop gracefully into the next field, but no one living has spanned a Continent.

Without inspiration, however good "the labour of the file," a work is of little value. Cleverness can be picked up dirt cheap nowadays and as for technical pyrotechnics—are they not sold on every travelling showman's booth?

The madness from the Gods alone keeps alive a work in the world wide museum of still-born eccentricities.

PIERRE DE BREVILLE

"L'inspiration est le fruit d'un travail quotidien"

Cette affirmation de Baudelaire peut être confirmée par celle de Bach qui déclarait à ceux qu'émerveillait la beauté de son oeuvre : "travaillez autant que moi et vous ferez aussi bien. . ." (ce qui, à vrai dire, était leur supposer généreusement une nature semblable à la sienne !)

Et voici enfin un souvenir personnel. Un soir je vis mon maître Franck à son piano, une feuille blanche était devant lui. “ Ja’i travaillé toute la journée, me dit-il, et je n’ai rien écrit . . . mais je suis tranquille, mon effort ne sera pas perdu, et je trouverai certainement demain ce que j’ai inutilement cherché aujourd’hui.”

Après d’aussi illustres exemples oserai-je dire que, pour moi aussi, inspiration—c’est-à-dire invention—et travail—c’est-à-dire art—bien que d’essence différente sont si intimement associés que je ne saurais les distinguer.

L’une et l’autre collaborent sans cesse, car si l’invention suppose assurément l’instinct créateur, le don particulier, celui-ci ne suffit pas pour produire l’oeuvre d’art, ni même le simple thème que certains s’imaginent né spontanément avec ses contours définis, et qu’ils attribuent à un souffle mystérieux, inconscient et quasi divin qu’ils appellent “ Inspiration. ”

Il en est bien exceptionnellement ainsi, et je ne crois pas que beaucoup de compositeurs puissent préciser l’instant où ils ont découvert le thème qu’ils cherchaient ou qui, dans une sorte d’illumination soudaine, est apparu à leur esprit, non plus que le moment où il a revêtu la forme définitive qu’ils lui ont assignée.

Cette forme est en effet parfois bien différente de celles sous laquelle il s’est tout d’abord manifesté à eux ; on en peut juger par les essais, les “ repentirs ” comme disent les peintres, que révèlent les esquisses de Beethoven.

Quant à savoir si “ l’inspiration musicale peut être soutenue pendant tout le cours d’une longue oeuvre,” il est certain que, une fois passée l’exaltation dans laquelle celle-ci a été conçue, et où en ont été trouvés les éléments générateurs, l’art intervient pour la réaliser, et son rôle dès lors est primordial, ce qui n’exclut ni les rencontres heureuses ni les trouvailles inattendues que l’imagination créatrice toujours en éveil peut encore lui fournir.

Mais si, oubliant le sentiment qu'il a résolu d'exprimer—qu'il s'agisse d'une texte à traduire ou d'un plan déterminé—le compositeur se laisse entraîner à des développements purement musicaux qui lui seraient contradictoires ou simplement étrangers, sa raison doit lui imposer les sacrifices nécessaires. S'il néglige cet avertissement, il commet une erreur de composition qui compromet gravement son oeuvre, celle-ci ne devant sa valeur qu'au parfait équilibre de l'instinct créateur et de l'art contrôlé par la raison.

Tenter d'analyser le jeu sans doute inexplicable, puisqu' en grande partie dans le subconscient, des divers éléments qui concourent à créer l'oeuvre d'art est assurément intéressant, mais, en réalité, importe peu au compositeur. A supposer en effet que le mystère qui l'entoure puisse être éclairé, cette révélation ne saurait exercer sur cette oeuvre elle-même aucune influence.

Je m'excuse donc d'avoir si vainement disserté à ce sujet, voulant simplement ne pas me montrer indifférent à l'honneur que vous m'avez fait en m'interrogeant.

(" Inspiration is the fruit of daily work."

This affirmation of Baudelaire's may be confirmed by one of Bach's, when he declared to those who marvelled at the beauty of his music: " Work as hard as I do, and you will do as well." (Which, to tell the truth, was generously to attribute to them a nature similiar to his own.)

But to come to a personal recollection. One evening I saw my master, César Franck, seated at the piano with a blank sheet of paper before him. " I have worked all day," he said to me, " and I have written nothing ; but I do not worry, for I know that my efforts will not have been lost and that to-morrow I shall certainly find what I vainly sought to-day."

After such illustrious examples, I hope I may be allowed to state that, for myself too, inspiration (that is to say, invention) and work (in another word, art), although different in their essence, are so intimately connected that I should be at a loss to distinguish them from each other. The two collaborate incessantly, for if invention presupposes, as it assuredly does, a creative instinct, a particular gift, this is not enough to produce a work of art, nor even the simple theme which many people imagine to be born spontaneously in a fixed outline and which they attribute to the mysterious, unconscious and as it were divine breath that is called " inspiration."

It may be so in exceptional cases but I do not think that many composers could indicate the moment at which they discovered the theme they sought, the theme which in a kind of sudden illumination came to their mind, any more than they could tell the moment when it became clothed in the definite form they assigned to it. That form is in fact frequently very different from that in which it first came to them,

as may be judged from the attempts and the "repentances," as French painters call it, revealed by the sketches of Beethoven.

As for one's knowledge whether "musical inspiration may be sustained throughout the course of a long work," it is certain that, once the elation felt during its conception is past and the generative elements have been discovered, art intervenes to attend to its realisation and from that moment plays the predominant part, without however, excluding the happy encounters and unexpected discoveries which the always watchful creative imagination may still supply.

But if, forgetful of the feelings he has made up his mind to express—whether it be a case of setting words or of carrying out a definite plan—the composer allows himself to be carried away by purely musical developments which are contradictory or foreign to his nature, his reason must dictate the necessary sacrifices. Should he neglect this warning, he could not help committing an error that would seriously jeopardise his work, which can owe its value only to a perfect balance between creative instinct and art controlled by reason.

Any endeavour to analyse the inexplicable interplay—for it is to a great extent subconscious—between the different elements which go to the making of a work of art is unquestionably interesting, but it has in reality very little significance for the composer. Even if it were likely that light could be thrown on the mystery, the revelation could exercise no influence upon his work. I apologise, therefore, if I have indulged in a vain discussion of the subject, but I did not wish to show myself indifferent to the compliment you have paid me in asking for my opinion.)

FRANK BRIDGE

If I could discover the actual source of a musical idea—not the emotional idea but the resultant formation of tones—and the reasons for accepting or discarding its varying aspects; if I could cope with the utter elusiveness of a mood, which, even during the creation of a work may disappear for an indefinite period before being recaptured; if I could explain why a series of either consonant or dissonant sounds can give equally satisfying expression; if I knew WHY a few bars more or a few bars less complete or destroy a phrase; etc., then I might be able to reply to your letter adequately. The consciousness of a presence and the power to retain it in my mental grasp is all my care. Perhaps another contributor may know how this spirit is awakened at will; alas, I do not.

ALFREDO CASELLA

Il serait certes plus aisé de répondre à cette question avec un gros volume qu'avec quelques lignes. Ou plutôt, ce ne serait

guère plus facile, car la création musicale est demeurée jusqu'à présent un mystère insondable même pour ceux qui en sont le théâtre, et il faut de tout coeur souhaiter que ce mystère dure indéfiniment. . .

Il faudrait tout d'abord définir ce que l'on nomme communément " inspiration." Pour la plupart des gens, il s'agit là de quelque chose de quasi divin, d'un état bien-heureux de l'esprit que l'on ne saurait comparer qu'avec la révélation divine. Et certes, il y a quelque chose de profondément impondérable dans cette faculté, soit que l'on la considère simplement comme un signe de Dieu, soit que plus modestement ainsi que l'a écrit W. Ostwald—l'on envisage l'homme de génie comme un être qui travaille " mieux et plus vite " que les autres. Mais, dans tous les cas, ce que l'on nomme ordinairement " inspiration " est justement la part qui paraît—de toutes celles qui composent l'acte de la création—la plus impossible à définir et à déterminer.

Il semble toutefois absurde de croire qu'une oeuvre d'art puisse être entièrement le fruit d'un travail inconscient. Il entre dans la création mille facteurs hétérogènes, le dernier desquels n'est certes pas le hasard. Je pense, pour ma part, qu'une oeuvre d'art résulte d'un équilibre plus ou moins parfait entre l'instinct créateur (inconscient) et l'intelligence constructive, (consciente) de laquelle seule dépend en dernier lieu la réalisation finale de l'édifice plastique ou sonore.

Il n'est pas possible de répondre si brièvement à la question qui touche au " sentiment " de la musique. Il est aujourd'hui de mode de prétendre interdire à la musique toute subjectivité par rapport aux sentiments humains, sans doute par réaction contre le romantisme qui ne voyait dans l'art qu'une simple et pure expression des passions terrestres. J'avoue que cette discussion me laisse assez froid et que je la trouve même inutile. Que la musique exprime le sentiment de son créateur, ou qu'elle n'expri-

me au contraire que le sien intrinsèque (mais cette deuxième hypothèse est-elle vraisemblable ?), ceci importe bien peu à l'auditeur. Le mot "musique pure"—aujourd'hui fort d'actualité—ne peut et ne pourra jamais vouloir signifier : musique "inhumaine." Ceci du moins tant que l'art sera produit par des hommes et non point par des machines.

Les grandes fugues de Bach peuvent admirablement démontrer la possibilité de coexistence—dans une même et splendide oeuvre musicale—d'une inspiration géniale et d'un art de la composition aussi scientifique qu'une équation mathématique. . .

Pour ce qui me concerne personnellement, je dois dire que mes meilleures oeuvres ont été écrites par moi dans un état de tranquillité parfaite et de grande simplicité spirituelle. J'oserai même dire que l'émotion n'a jamais accompagné la création des pages que l'on s'accorde généralement à trouver les moins imparfaites dans ma production. Sans doute l'état le plus favorable pour la création artistique—cet état que les ignares considèrent comme une fièvre plus ou moins divine—est-il tout simplement une phase extrêmement lucide de l'activité cérébrale. Dans tous les cas, j'ai davantage été préoccupé en composant—et ceci surtout depuis ma maturité—de résoudre des problèmes "musicaux" que de "décrire" tel ou tel autre sentiment personnel. Mais—je le répète encore une fois—rien n'est plus mystérieux que la création musicale. Et je serais bien embarrassé moi-même de dire quand, comment et pourquoi sont nées en moi les meilleures de mes oeuvres. . .

(It would be easier to reply to this question by a large volume than in a few lines. Or, possibly, it would not be any easier, for musical creation has so far remained an unfathomable mystery, even for those who practice it, and it is wholly desirable that the mystery may last for ever.)

First of all, one would have to define what is commonly understood by "inspiration." For most people it is a question of something to be regarded as sacred, a kind of blessedness of the spirit which can only be connected with divine revelation. There is certainly something profoundly enigmatic about this faculty, whether it be regarded simply as a sign from God or whether, as W. Ostwald more modestly puts it,

the man of genius must be regarded merely as a human being who works "better and more quickly" than the others. In any case, what is ordinarily understood by "inspiration" is, of all the factors which go towards the act of creation, the one most impossible to define and to determine.

It would, nevertheless, seem absurd to believe that a work of art could be wholly the fruit of unconscious labour. A thousand heterogeneous elements enter into it, and chance is surely not uppermost among them. For my part, I think that a work of art is the result of a more or less perfect balance between (unconscious) creative instinct and (conscious) constructive intelligence, upon which, in the last resort, the final realisation of a plastic or musical edifice depends.

To reply briefly to the question concerning "sentiment" in music is impossible. It is the fashion nowadays to pretend that music should be forbidden all subjectivity and relation to human feelings, no doubt by way of a reaction against romanticism, which saw in art nothing but the expression of earthly passions pure and simple. I confess that this dispute leaves me somewhat cold, and that I even find it futile. Whether music expresses the feelings of its creators or, on the contrary, only those intrinsic in itself (if this second hypothesis be not utterly unlikely), is a matter that may well leave the listener indifferent. The term "absolute music"—much to the fore to-day—never can and never will mean "inhuman music," at any rate so long as the art is produced by men and not by machines.

The great fugues of Bach admirably demonstrate the possibility of co-existence, in one and the same splendid piece of music, of the inspiration of a genius and a process of composition as scientific as a mathematical equation.

So far as I am myself concerned, I am bound to say that my best works were written in a state of perfect tranquillity and of great spiritual simplicity. I may even venture to state that emotion never accompanied the creation of those pages which are generally considered to be the least imperfect in my output. No doubt the most favourable state of mind for artistic creation—the state which the uninitiated imagine to be a more or less divine fever—is quite simply a phase of exceptionally lucid cerebral activity. In any case, in the act of composition I have—especially since I reached maturity—been much more concerned with the solution of musical problems than with the description of this or that personal emotion. But—I repeat it once again—nothing is more mysterious than musical creation, and I should be greatly embarrassed to state when, how and why the best of my works were born within me.)

VINCENT D'INDY

Rien n'est plus difficile que de définir "l'Inspiration," étant donné que celle-ci se manifeste diversement chez les artistes qui ont le bonheur d'être visités par elle.

Si vous tenez, cependant, à une définition, je pourrais dire que—en musique, du moins—l'inspiration est l'influence *purement instinctive*, provoquant, dans l'esprit de l'artiste créateur, l'éclosion d'une *cellule* musicale qui puisse pleinement satisfaire chez celui-ci le sentiment de la Beauté, et qui soit susceptible de devenir le point de départ d'une "idée" musicale complète.

C'est ensuite à l'artiste qui a été touché par cette flamme

divine, d'appliquer son talent à en édifier une *oeuvre d'art* digne de ce nom.

(Nothing is more difficult than to define inspiration, seeing that it reveals itself in many different ways in those artistes who are fortunate enough to be visited by it.

If, however, you are anxious to have a definition, I might say that—in music at least—inspiration is the *purely instinctive* influence which causes in the mind of the creative artist the unfolding of a musical *cell* that is capable of satisfying fully his feeling for beauty and of becoming the point of departure for a complete musical “idea.”

It then becomes the task of the artist who has been touched by this divine flame to apply his talent to derive from it a *work of art* that should be worthy of that name.)

PAUL DUKAS

Il me semble que de longs développements n'élucideraient pas mieux l'obscur question que vous me posez que le bref compte-rendu des expériences de chacun.

Au cours d'un long ouvrage ce que vous nommez l'inspiration se soutient en reposant son appui sur la diversité des scènes, tout en restant liée au ton général de l'ouvrage. C'est ce *ton d'ensemble* précisément, que la conception musicale recherche *tout d'abord* les motifs musicaux et leur mise en place dans le travail de rédaction n'ayant de valeur que s'ils sont étroitement associés à cette vue préalable qui pressent leur usage et préside intuitivement à leurs rapports.

(It seems to me that long discourses could do no more to elucidate the obscure question with which you confront me, than a short statement of each composer's personal experience.

What you call inspiration sustains itself during the composition of a long work by taking heed of the diversity of various scenes without ever leaving the general tone of the work out of sight. It is precisely this fundamental tone that the musical conception must first seek to determine, the musical themes and their co-ordination being of no account unless they are closely associated with this preliminary view of the whole, which must foresee their use and intuitively control their inter-relation.)

LOUIS DUREY

Je ne crois pas à “l'Inspiration” ou expression *spontanée* de la pensée créatrice. Pour ma part, je n'ai jamais écrit une ligne mélodique telle qu'elle était venue et sans l'avoir remaniée,

dans ma tête ou sur le papier, bien des fois afin de la parfaire. Et encore, le plus souvent est-ce avec regret que j'en arrête la forme d'une façon définitive, dans la quasi certitude où je me trouve qu'il me serait possible de lui donner un tour plus achevé. La mélodie ainsi travaillée n'est encore rien par elle-même. Tout dépend du travail harmonique et polyphonique auquel nous nous livrons sur elle et autour d'elle, et des développements que nous en tirons. Ainsi voyons-nous J. S. Bach partir d'un thème banal à l'extrême (*Kunst der Fuge*) et s'en servir pour construire des développements colossaux.

Quant au degré plus ou moins grand d'ardeur, de tendresse contenue, de mélancolie ou de tranquille légèreté que possède telle ou telle musique, j'y vois un reflet de ce que contient notre coeur, aux prises avec les angoisses d'une destinée tour à tour misérable ou triomphante.

(I do not believe in "inspiration" or the *spontaneous* expression of creative thought. I for one have never written down a melodic line just as it came to me and without having reshaped it, in my head or on paper, a good many times in order to perfect it. Besides, more often than not it is with regret that I fix its form definitely, since I am practically certain that it would be possible to give it a still better finish. Melody thus worked out is as yet nothing in itself. Everything depends on the harmonic and polyphonic elaborations we apply to it or weave around it, and on the developments to which we subject it. Thus we may see J. S. Bach begin with a theme that is trite in the extreme ("*Kunst der Fuge*") and use it to build up a colossal structure.

As for the greater or lesser degree of ardour, restrained tenderness, melancholy or quiet airiness to be found in this or that music, I see therein a reflex of what is in the artist's heart, a heart at grips with the anguish of a destiny that is by turns misérable and triumphant.)

EUGENE GOOSSENS

I read your letter with great interest, and though my reply to it may prove quite inadequate, I will do my best to answer the point you raise.

Assuming that the work in question would be a lengthy one, the composition of which may possibly extend over three, four, six or more months, there is no question at all but that the purely

musical problems met with during the creative process of the work are nine times out of ten subservient to the mood the composer desires to portray. It is my experience that this mood is invariably only *temporarily* "side-tracked" in order to grapple with some problem of musical theoretics, but that, once the mood is lost, interest in the composition of the work entirely ceases. This holds good particularly in the case of a work based on some definite program, (for example, an opera, symphonic poem, or any tone-picture) and *less* in the case of purely abstract music.

Nowadays the harmonic idiom of our expression is so complicated that the onlooker is apt to imagine that composers generally approach the composition of a new work armed only with certain set musical formulae upon which they base an involved structure of highly technical elaboration. Though this may sometimes be the case, it is certainly true that no work can carry conviction unless at the outset we are gripped by the genuine and convincing sincerity of its thematic material. Whatever mood the composer endeavours to create, his inspiration must be born of that mood. In some cases, and particularly in the case of modern music, the composer employs stereotyped formulae to express certain emotions. On a par with the cinema-musician who manufactures the most varied "emotional" accompaniments by a systematic process. Apropos, the musical problems which arise during the course of a work represent that particular element in artistic technique which always absorbs the finest brain-effort of the sincere artist, but this is and should always be in a sense a sub-conscious process. The "stuff" of the music is its true essence, without which no amount of technical padding will disguise the lack of the creative.

These are a few words dashed off at random and I'm afraid they don't throw any light on the problem at all, but it is just to show that I'm still alive and missing you very much.

GUSTAV HOLST

Forgive the delay in answering. I regret I cannot make any definite statement on the matter as I feel that the psychology of composition varies according to the composer much more than any writer has yet realised. It seems to me that in such matters as psychology and heredity a writer will start a theory and find plenty of examples, but will tend to ignore exceptions. Also I think that every composer has more than one way of writing. Finally, a composer is usually quite unconscious of what is going on and therefore easily deceived.

PHILIPP JARNACH

Ich müsste es ablehnen, Ihre Frage in einen persönlichen Sinne zu beantworten. Wollten wir den Ursprung der musikalischen Idee ergründen, so wäre zunächst festzustellen worin diese Idee selbst besteht. Ist sie ein Motiv, eine Melodie, eine allgemeine Klangatmosphäre oder ein Rhythmus? Sie kann Eines und das Andere sein, oder das alles zugleich, aber bevor sie dazu wird, war sie eine *Empfindung*. Und wie sollten wir die Quelle von Empfindungen und ihre geheimen Beziehungen zu einem angeborenen Gestaltungstrieb erforschen? Der konkrete musikalische Gedanke ist eine erste Transposition, alles andere bleibt ein Problem des Ausdrucks und der Form, das nur durch Konzentration und Disziplin zu lösen ist. Komponieren heisst: alles Überflüssige ausschalten. (Daran hat der Begabteste noch immer und stets zu lernen.)

Die von Ihnen aufgeworfene Frage hat zu allen Zeiten geistige Köpfe beschäftigt. Unter allen mir bekannten Definitionen ist mir die von Baudelaire als besonders bemerkenswert im Gedächtnis geblieben. Gestatten Sie, dass ich sie hier wiederhole: "L'inspiration, c'est travailler tous les jours."

(I fear I must refrain from answering your question in a personal way. If we desired to trace the origin of a musical idea, it would first of all be necessary to make sure as to what constitutes such an idea. Is it a motif, a melody, a general atmosphere of sound, or a rhythm? It may be one or the other, or it may be all these things at once, but before it grows into anything of the sort, it is a *sensation*. And how are we to discover the source of sensations and their unfathomable relations to an innate impulse of creation? The concrete musical thought is a first transposition; all the rest remains a problem of expression and form which can only be solved by concentration and discipline. To compose is to discard all superfluities, a process which even the most highly gifted artist has never finished learning.

The question you raise has ever occupied ingenious minds. Among all the definitions that I know of, that of Baudelaire has remained in my memory as especially significant:—" *L'Inspiration, c'est travailler tous les jours.*")

CHARLES KOECHLIN

Il faut, je pense, distinguer deux cas :

1°—le compositeur *décrit*, consciemment et explicitement, un état d'âme (que cet état d'être soit inspiré par le souvenir d'un paysage—ou qu'il n'ait, à l'origine, rien de visuel,—peu importe). L'oeuvre est de l'un des genres suivants : poème symphonique, "mélodie," ou poème lyrique écrit sur des paroles, opéra, opéra-comique, etc. . . . Il est évident alors que le sentiment général (et que les nuances particulières où conduit l'évolution de ce sentiment) guident l'artiste pour ses mélodies, ses harmonies, ses rythmes, son orchestration,—et souvent même déterminent la forme, le plan de cette musique. Bien entendu, ce sera le devoir du compositeur, de garder à la fois la musicalité et l'ordre dans le développement thématique,—ordre parfaitement réalisable d'ailleurs en des oeuvres descriptives, à condition qu'elles soient assez largement conçues pour le réaliser.

2°—le compositeur écrit des oeuvres dites : de *musique pure*. En ce cas, ou bien : (1) ce compositeur songe à son sentiment dont il a nettement conscience, et qu'il *prémédite* de traduire—mais sans en dévoiler le secret par un argument littéraire, ni même par un titre : nous sommes ramenés au cas précédent, celui de la musique évocatrice d'un sentiment ou d'une évolution de sentiments, que l'artiste ne perd pas de vue dans le travail

de réalisation. Plusieurs oeuvres de Beethoven sont de cette sorte.

Ou bien : (2) l'oeuvre de *musique pure* est composée sans que son créateur ait prémédité de traduire telle ou telle nuance de sentiment, et cette oeuvre ne correspond à aucune vision ; j'ajouterai que parfois elle n'exprime point des sentiments que l'on puisse définir *par les mots* ; ceux-ci étant trop généraux et trop grossiers pour correspondre à l'extrême subtilité (d'ailleurs précise) ainsi qu'à la profondeur d'une musique qui, venue des profondeurs de l'être intime, pénètre à son tour jusqu'au coeur profond de celui qui l'*entend*.

Cette quasi-impossibilité de la représenter par des équivalents verbaux, a souvent amené une confusion dans l'esprit des théoriciens non compositeurs,—lesquels (surtout lorsque ce furent des littérateurs) ont conclu au *vague* de la musique, ou bien à l'hypothèse d'un art des sons qui serait “ purement plastique,” dénué de toute sensibilité humaine,—abstrait, intellectuel comme un théorème de “ calcul intégral.” En réalité, à mon avis, il semble bien que cette musique, même lorsqu'elle est cruelle et sauvage, traduit toujours quelque chose d'humain. Excepté direz-vous, dans le cas spécial où elle se réduirait à d'imitatives onomatopées évoquant des pistons et des bielles ? Mais une telle évocation risquera vite d'être ennuyeuse,—et d'ailleurs si complètement inutile, car inférieure à la vue matérielle de la machine ! Au fond, dans la griserie de la vitesse, ou dans l'ébahissement à la mode, devant la force de la toute-puissante machine, il y a bel et bien un élément d'humanité.

Il est capital de rappeler que cet élément humain est le seul qui confère la vie à l'oeuvre. L'*ordre* qui demeure nécessaire à la présentation des thèmes, il varie d'ailleurs suivant les compositeurs, suivant même leurs diverses compositions ; et il est *fonction* des évolutions du sentiment traduit. C'est ainsi que.

si vous examinez de près les Fugues du *Clavecin bien tempéré*, vous remarquez avec quelle indépendance en agit J. S. Bach à l'égard du plan régulier de la "fugue d'école." Et, de toute façon, le thème signifie quelque chose ; les harmonies et le développement aussi. On ne développe pas pour remplir un cadre, pour y placer avec méthode des épisodes bien alignées comme les paquets d'une malle soigneusement faite: on développe pour dégager d'un motif. d'une initiale pensée musicale, toute la force lyrique, expansive et dynamique, qu'elle contient "en puissance." Et cette force résulte elle-même de l'inspiration sensible d'où naquit ladite pensée musicale.

L'ordre plastique pur (même si ces mots ne sont pas vides de sens), il ne suffit pas. Et tel plan, même traditionnel d'une "grande époque classique," n'est pas obligatoire. Le musicien a parfaitement le droit de le modifier. L'intellectualisme de la musique n'est, en définitive, qu'un *moyen* de présenter avec ordre, avec unité, avec logique, l'expression des sentiments. Et cet ordre, cette unité, cette logique sont réalisables de mille façons différentes.

Certes, il arrive souvent que le compositeur semble (et peut-être croit lui-même) n'avoir songé qu'à la *trituration de ses thèmes*. Mais la musicalité de cette trituration ne lui est pas suggérée par l'intelligence mathématique: elle dépend de son *sens musical*, elle dépend aussi du *sentiment de l'oeuvre*. Les thèmes lui en ont été intuitivement et inconsciemment dictés par son être intérieur, son génie familier, son âme inspirée. Et comme ce génie familier *veut* s'exprimer, il soutiendra l'artiste pendant le temps de la création. De là (si l'artiste est assez inspiré—c'est-à-dire s'il a en lui une source d'émotion suffisamment abondante, et les dons musicaux qu'il convient d'avoir pour la muer en musique), de là provient que l'unité peut se conserver en des oeuvres longuement mûries,—voire même abandonnées provisoirement et

reprises après un délai plus ou moins considérable. L'émotion intérieure *trouve le fil*, chez ces grands artistes.

Sans doute, d'autres musiciens ne sont point capables de cette mémoire de l'être intérieur, de cette inspiration obstinée et durable : il leur faut écrire un morceau dans l'espace d'un ou deux jours, faute de quoi leurs facultés se fatiguent et s'ils laissent l'oeuvre en plan, ils ne s'y retrouvent plus, après quelque semaines. D'autres sont à la hauteur d'un effort acharné de quinze jours, d'un mois, mais il leur paraît impossible de quitter une oeuvre commencée, tant qu'elle n'est point achevée. D'autres enfin procèdent par "approximations successives," menant de front plusieurs compositions différentes : sans oublier, dans le fond d'eux-mêmes, ce que pour chacune leur a dicté l'inspiration originelle. Ainsi, les façons de travailler diffèrent, et les dons, et la valeur des musiques. Mais chez tous, la cause première de l'oeuvre reste bien cette émotion intérieure (consciente ou non), cette présence constante de l'élément qui confèrera l'unité, guidant sans cesse le musicien, même lorsqu'il s'agit pour lui de remplir un cadre d'apparence rigide et d'obéir *grosso modo* aux exigences d'une forme traditionnelle. D'ailleurs, toute forme de ce genre comporte *dans le détail* une telle variété que l'artiste suffisamment maître de ses moyens, et suffisamment inspiré, y saura mettre cette *liberté dans la discipline* à quoi fait allusion Monsieur Paul Dukas.

Je m'excuse de n'avoir point condensé davantage cette réponse. Mais on ne peut résumer très brièvement, s'il faut *expliquer* sa pensée au lecteur : surtout lorsqu'il est question de cette chose indéfinissable et mystérieuse qu'est toute création artistique.

(Two points must, I think, be distinguished from each other :—

(a) The composer *describes*, conscientiously and explicitly, a state of his mind. (Whether this state be caused by the memory of a landscape, or whether it originates in nothing that is visual, is of no great importance.) The resulting work will be a

symphonic poem, a song, a lyric poem written to words, an opera, or the like. It is clear in this case that the general sentiment and the particular shades of expression to which the evolution of this sentiment leads must decide the artist's choice of his melodies, his harmonies, his rhythms, his orchestration, and often even the form, the ground-plan of his music. Needless to say, it is the composer's duty to safeguard both musical quality and order in the thematic development, an order that is perfectly attainable in descriptive works, provided that they are conceived on a large enough scale to achieve it.

(b) The composer *writes* a piece of what is called *absolute music*. In that case either (1) he thinks of the feelings of which he is clearly aware and which he *intends* to translate, but without giving away the secret by any literary argument or even by any title. We thus approach once more our first case, that of music suggestive of feelings, or the evolution of feelings, not lost sight of by the artist during the process of realisation. Several of Beethoven's works belong to his category. Or again (2) the piece of absolute music is composed without any premeditation on the creator's part to transmute this or that shade of feeling, and it reflects no vision of any sort. I might add that it may express no sentiments that can be defined *in words*, the latter being too general and too gross to correspond to the extreme subtlety (which is very precise, be it noted) as well as the profundity of music which, having come from the most intimate depths of a human being, penetrates again to the inmost heart of those who listen to it.

This practical impossibility to represent the meaning of absolute music in verbal equivalents has often led to confusion in the minds of non-creative theorists, who, especially if they are literary men, will conclude that music is vague, or else establish the hypothesis of an art of sound that is "purely plastic," devoid of all human sensibility, abstract and intellectual like a mathematical theorem. The truth is, to my mind, that such music, even when it is cruel and savage, always expresses something that is human. Except, you may say, in a special case where it contents itself with onomatopoeic imitations of cranks and pistons. But such a representation would run the risk of quickly becoming tedious and moreover it would be entirely superfluous, because inferior to the actual sight of the machine. But in fact there is certainly an element of humanity in the intoxication of speed and the amazement we experience before all-powerful machinery.

It is of vital importance to remember that it is this human element which alone imparts life to a work of art. The *order* which always remains a necessity for the presentation of musical themes, varies according to the composer and even according to each of his compositions: it is the *function* of the evolutions of sentiment translated into form. Thus, if you examine closely the fugues in the "Well-tempered Clavier," you will note with what independence Bach treats the regular framework of the "school fugue." And in every case the theme means something and so do harmony and development. One does not spin out material simply to fill up a frame or to place well-ordered episodes methodically together like parcels in a carefully packed trunk; one develops in order to make a motif, a primary musical idea, yield all its potential lyrical, expansive and dynamic force. And that force itself results from the perceptible inspiration from which that musical idea arose.

Music of a *purely plastic order* (if the term has any sense at all) is not enough. Nor is such and such a form, even if it conform to the "great classical tradition," in the least incumbent on the composer. He has a perfect right to modify it. The intellectual aspect of music is, after all, only a *means* of presenting the expression of feeling according to some ordered, unified and logical scheme. And that order, unity or logic may be achieved in a thousand different ways.

No doubt it often happens that the composer seems (and perhaps himself believes) to have thought of nothing but the trituration of his themes; but the musical quality of this trituration does not come from any mathematical process of the intellect; it depends on his musical sense and also on the sentiment of his work. The themes have been dictated to him intuitively and unconsciously by his inner being, his native genius, his inspired soul. And since this native genius *will* express itself, it will also

stand by the artist during the process of creation. Thus it comes about (if the artist be sufficiently inspired—that is to say if there is in him an abundant enough source of emotion and he possesses the musical gifts required to transform it into music) that unity can be preserved throughout slowly matured works and even works temporarily abandoned and taken up again after a more or less protracted interval. The emotion inherent in a great artist helps him to pick up the thread again.

Some musicians, doubtless, are not capable of preserving this memory in the inner being and cannot retain any such obstinate and durable inspiration. They are obliged to write a work in the space of a day or two if their faculties are not to grow inert. Should they leave it unfinished, they would be unable to resume it a few weeks later. Others again are capable of a persistent effort lasting a fortnight or a month, but it seems to them impossible to leave a work once begun until it is finished. And others still proceed by "successive approaches," keeping several compositions going at once without forgetting how each has been dictated by its own primary inspiration. Such are the various ways of working, the differences of creative gifts and the changing values of music. But everywhere the first cause of any work is always that inner emotion, whether conscious or not, that constant presence of an element capable of conferring unity, ever guiding the composer, even when it is for him a question of filling an apparently rigid frame-work or of submitting *grosso modo* to the dictates of a traditional form. As regards the latter, it must be remembered that in the matter of *detail* it is susceptible of such endless variety that an artist who is sufficiently master of his craft and truly inspired will always be able to make it compatible with that *freedom of discipline* to which M. Paul Dukas alludes.

I apologise for having replied at such length, but it is impossible to be brief where it is a question of *explaining* one's thoughts to the reader, and especially a question of so indefinable and mysterious a thing as artistic creation.)

PAUL DE MALEINGREAU

L'inspiration musicale.

Mens sana in sano corpore.

A notre époque où la vue, l'ouïe sont mises à rude épreuve par ces inventions qui nous font gagner du temps en créant le rythme fantastique des grandes villes, l'artiste n'a plus pour s'isoler que les excitants rapidement déprimants, ou le retour au sain exercice physique qui vous fait parcourir les champs, change les horizons, fait communier avec les grands éléments, déchainés à tour de rôle au cours des saisons.

En ce qui concerne la liturgie intégrale des abbayes bénédictines, les sujets de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament ont provoqué dans la plupart des cas, la naissance de l'idée musicale, se réduisant à l'origine à une incise rythmique. En aucun cas, des sentiments d'amitié n'ont provoqué cette idée.

Quant au développement, à la conception des idées amenées par la première, l'un et l'autre ne me sont possibles qu'après

une désintoxication physique par de longues promenades sans souci de confort, sur une bicyclette lourde de tourisme. Quinze jours au moins de ce sport ont préparé l'état actif qui permet de projeter l'idée, puis de la conduire, sans toutefois qu'un plan quelconque soit établi à l'avance, la nature de l'idée elle-même devant suggérer la forme qui lui convient, or nul ne connaît la nature de ses idées avant qu'elles aient été émises.

En résumé, provocation de l'idée musicale par la contemplation d'une oeuvre plastique, puis préparation à l'élaboration par la cure de mouvement en plein air. La question des sources d'idées me paraît dépasser le cadre de cette notice, néanmoins il n'est peut-être pas importun de déclarer, que sans être janséniste, on peut s'affecter de voir méconnus les hauts exemples que nous offrent chaque jour la vie sociale, familiale, et par dessus tout, la vie des grands aînés qui devrait être aux artistes ce qu'est le bréviaire au prêtre.

A ceux qui prônent certaines danses actuelles, nous demanderons quel genre de personnes pratique habituellement ces danses, quel est le but de ces danses, et si vraiment, une conscience nette peut hésiter entre une mère peinte par Carrière et une danseuse de Degas. Mais par contre quelle source d'inspiration dans les innombrables écoles provoquées par Dalcroze, Fuller, dans les gestes des paysans attachés à leur folklore comme lierre au rocher ; plus haut encore dans les arts de la rythmique, ces théories de moines, s'avancant dans la pénombre en chantant les plus sublimes des monodies.

Les sources abondent, laissons là les puits contaminés, et ayons grand'soif d'idéal, même si le hasard ou la naissance nous accordait momentanément l'hospitalité de quelque oasis.

(Mens sana in sano corpore.

In these days, when our sight and our hearing are put to severe tests by those inventions that make us save time by creating the fantastic rhythm of great cities,

the artist can no longer isolate himself except by means of excitement which becomes quickly depressing or else, by a return to healthy physical exercise that takes one into the open fields, gives one a change of horizon and allows one to commune with the great elements unchained by nature in the course of the seasons.

As for the integral liturgy of the Benedictine abbeys, it was the subjects of the Old and New Testament which in the majority of cases gave rise to musical ideas, reduced at first to a rhythmic pattern. In no case have feelings of friendship given birth to such ideas.

As regards the development and the conception of the ideas brought about by the original one, neither becomes possible for me until after a physical disintoxication induced by long and deliberately comfortless excursions on a heavy touring bicycle. A fortnight of this exercise at least is required to bring me to a state of action that permits the planning of an idea and its subsequent working-out. But no definite plan whatever is established beforehand, since the nature of the idea itself must suggest the form most suited to it, and nobody knows the nature of such ideas until they have taken shape.

To sum up, the musical idea is engendered by the contemplation of a work of plastic art, and this is followed by the preparing for its elaboration by curative exercise in the open air. The question of the source of ideas seems to me to go beyond the scope of this note, but it is perhaps not importunate to assert that without being a Jansenist one may be troubled by the general lack of recognition of the high examples offered us every day by social and family life and above all by the lives of great predecessors which should be for the artist what the breviary is for the priest.

Those who extol certain modern dances may well be asked to say what kind of people habitually practice these dances, what is their aim, and if really a clear conscience can hesitate between a mother painted by Carrière and a dancer by Degas. On the other hand, what sources of inspiration there are in the countless schools promoted by Dalcroze or Fuller, in the gestures of peasants who cling to their folklore as ivy to a rock, and more especially in the arts of rhythm, those theories of the monks advancing in the twilight and singing the most sublime of monodies.

There is an abundance of sources. Let us leave aside the contaminated wells and thirst greatly after the ideal even if chance or birth should have for a moment accorded us the hospitality of an oasis.)

G. FRANCESCO MALIPIERO

L'inspiration musicale devrait être la même chose que l'inspiration dans tous les autres arts.

Pourquoi veut on en faire une *spécialité* de la musique ? Parce que, en musique, on s'est servi du mot inspiration pour définir l'état d'âme qui engendre ces oeuvres musicales qui chatouillent l'oreille du gros public et ne manquent pas de se transformer en superbe affaire commerciale.

La musique "inspirée" a été opposée à la musique ennuyeuse. Il est certain qu'à l'époque chaotique où nous sommes, si on pouvait trouver la formule chimique pour fabriquer la soi-disante inspiration musicale, il y aurait des trésors à gagner.

Seul le temps a le pouvoir de provoquer l'inévitable putréfaction de tout ce qui est frime et banalité vénale. Les oeuvres qui résistent (et elles sont peu) peuvent être appelées "inspirées," ou "créations de génie" (les parasites, pour vivre, doivent bien écrire leurs idées sur la musique) et cela n'a vraiment aucune importance. Les oeuvres qui résistent sont les seules qui comptent.

(Musical inspiration should be the same thing as inspiration in any other art. Why is there a tendency to make a *speciality* of music? Because in music the word "inspiration" has been made to define the state of soul that engenders those works which please the ears of the general public and never fail to transform themselves into superb commercial affairs.

"Inspired" music has been opposed to tedious music. It is certain that at the present chaotic time great fortunes could be made if only we could discover the chemical formula whereby so-called musical inspiration could be manufactured.

Time alone can bring about the inevitable putrefaction of all that is trumpery and venal banality. Those works which resist the decay (and they are few) may be called "inspired" and "creations of genius," for the parasites must needs write down their ideas on music in order to live, but it is really of no importance; the works that survive alone count.)

NICHOLAS MEDTNER

It is impossible for me to speak of inspiration on the grounds of personal artistic experience. Too often one comes across people who mistake merely their subjective emotions for inspiration, and again to experience inspiration does not mean to know how to give it expression. As a great admirer of art, however, I have thought a great deal abstractly about inspiration and will endeavour to give you an answer to your question.

The source of inspiration is always mysterious. Its gifts are always unexpected. But the power to dominate it is acquired only by giving oneself unrestrainedly up to the process of work. Thus the contradiction of ideas of inspiration and work appear to me always confusing. Of course, if there is no inspiration the work is annihilated, and again, inspiration without work is nil.

Equally confusing appears to me the contradiction of ideas

of " mood " or " emotion " with the idea of " purely musical thoughts." The brightest of " moods " (or emotion), if not well expressed by " purely musical thought " simply cannot be considered on the musical plane at all, and remains a purely subjective emotion. And just the same the most intricate " purely musical " combination (or thought), if not animated by emotion or mood remains as dead material. Thus it follows that thought and emotion act undividedly in art and inspiration appears as a flash, lighting up both.

HANS PFITZNER

Leider ist die in Ihrem Briefe gestellte Frage nicht auf die von Ihnen gewünschte Weise zu beantworten. Ich habe diesen Fragenkomplex mehrmals in den bisher von mir erschienenen Schriften, (die demnächst im Verlag von Dr. Benno Filser, Augsburg, gesammelt neu herausgegeben werden,) mehrfach berührt. Gesondert lässt sich dieses Thema nicht in Kürze behandeln.

(I regret that the question you raise in your letter cannot be answered in the way you desire. I have repeatedly dealt with the subject in my writings, which are shortly to be republished in a collected edition by Dr. Benno Filser of Augsburg. The theme cannot be dealt with separately and briefly).

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI

Mi perdoni se non rispondero alla richiesta sulla "ispirazione musicale." E, anche per me, un mistero che quasi non oso indagare per una specie di pudore e di rispetto.

(Forgive me if I do not reply to your inquiry concerning " musical inspiration." For me too, it is a mystery which a kind of reverential diffidence will scarcely permit me to attempt to unravel).

MAURICE RAVEL

Tout ce que je puis vous affirmer, c'est qu'en 1924, au moment d'entreprendre la Sonate pour piano et violon que je viens de terminer à présent, j'en avais déjà arrêté la forme assez sin-

gulière, l'écriture des instruments et jusqu'au caractère des thèmes de chacune des 3 parties avant que " l'inspiration " m'ait soufflé un seul de ces thèmes.

Et je ne pense pas avoir pris le plus court chemin.

(All that I am able to affirm is that, in 1924, when I first took in hand the Sonata for piano and violin I am at present endeavouring to finish, I had already determined its somewhat unusual form, the manner of writing for the instruments, and even the character of the themes for each of the three movements before " inspiration " had begun to prompt a single one of these themes. And I do not think that I chose the shortest route.)

ALBERT ROUSSEL

Excusez-moi de répondre un peu brièvement à l'intéressante enquête que vous ouvrez dans le *CHESTERIAN*. Je ne suis rentré à Paris que depuis deux jours et mon bureau est encombré d'une correspondance en retard et d'épreuves à corriger. . . .

Vous me demandez ce que je pense de l'inspiration musicale et de la façon dont elle se manifeste au cours de la composition d'un long ouvrage. Ce que l'on est convenu d'appeler l'inspiration musicale, c'est, si je ne me trompe, la faculté que possède un artiste de concevoir et d'exprimer clairement des idées dont on puisse admirer tout à la fois la qualité et l'abondance. Elle suppose le fonctionnement parfait d'un cerveau organisé musicalement, sensible, imaginatif et en possession d'une technique lui assurant la solution des problèmes qui se poseront forcément devant lui. Qu'un compositeur puisse conserver intacte cette faculté pendant la composition d'une oeuvre de longue haleine, cela ne me semble nullement mystérieux. Il est probable que, la dernière note de sa partition écrite, l'auteur éprouvera le besoin de prendre quelque repos avant d'entreprendre un nouveau travail ; il en est de même dans toutes les professions qui exigent une tension cérébrale élevée.

L'auteur du livre sur la " Psychologie et la Musique " se demande, me dites-vous, si le compositeur est davantage préoccupé pendant la création, par un sentiment général qu'il s'astreindrait à décrire ou par des motifs purement musicaux.

A mon avis, cela dépend essentiellement du caractère de l'oeuvre. S'il s'agit d'une oeuvre symphonique ne comportant aucun programme, aucun commentaire, il n'y a pas de sentiment général à décrire et l'auteur ne se préoccupe que du jeu des combinaisons sonores dont l'infinie variété livre à son esprit un champ illimité. Il est possible qu'une telle musique suggère à certains auditeurs des sentiments auxquels le compositeur est resté complètement étranger, mais ceci est une conséquence forcée du caractère imprécis du langage musical.

Dans le cas, au contraire, d'une oeuvre descriptive ou dramatique, un élément étranger à la musique vient fixer la pensée du compositeur sur un objet bien déterminé et l'enveloppe d'une atmosphère où les idées musicales se présenteront sous une forme particulière. Les thèmes, les harmonies, les rythmes, la couleur orchestrale en seront influencées. Peu considérable dans certains genres tels que des poèmes symphoniques sans programme précis, cet élément étranger peut devenir prépondérant dans la musique à programme ou dans le drame. Mais quelle que soit son importance, ce serait une erreur de croire que le musicien, pendant toute la durée de la composition d'un long ouvrage, reste absorbé dans la contemplation de l'objet à décrire. Son esprit se trouvera, au bout d'un certain temps, orienté dans une direction qu'il suivra presque inconsciemment et sans effort et il pourra reporter sur le côté musical pur toute sa puissance intellectuelle.

Bien entendu, il ne s'agit ici que d'une impression personnelle. Ce qui est vrai pour tel compositeur ne s'applique plus à tel autre et je ne doute pas que vous ne récoltiez à cet égard bien des opinions contradictoires. On pourrait d'ailleurs dissenter longue-

ment sur un pareil sujet et je suis un peu confus, en me relisant, du manque d'intérêt de ce que je vous écris.

Si je vous envoie quand même ces quelques lignes, c'est pour vous donner la preuve du souci que j'ai de ne pas laisser votre demande sans réponse.

(Forgive me if I reply somewhat briefly to the interesting inquiry to which you open the pages of *THE CHESTERIAN*. I returned to Paris only two days ago and my study is crowded with overdue correspondence and proofs awaiting revision.

You ask me what I think about musical inspiration and the manner in which it reveals itself during the composition of a long work. What is by common consent called musical inspiration is, if I am not mistaken, the artist's faculty of conceiving and clearly expressing ideas that should be admirable both for quality and for copiousness. It presupposes the perfect function of a musically organised, sensitive and imaginative brain, and the possession of a technique that enables the composer to solve the problems which will necessarily confront him. That he should be able to keep this faculty intact in the course of a composition on a large scale does not strike me as at all mysterious. It is probable that, once he has written down the last note of his score, he will feel the need of a period of rest before he undertakes a new work; this applies to every profession demanding a high cerebral tension.

You tell me that the author of the book on psychology and music wonders whether in the process of creation the composer is influenced more by sentiments of a general nature which he could describe or by purely musical motives. In my view that depends largely on the character of the work. If it is a question of a symphonic work devoid of a programme or commentary, there is no general feeling that could be defined and the composer is concerned only with the interplay of sound-combinations the infinite variety of which offers his imagination unlimited scope. It is possible that such music may suggest to certain hearers feelings which the composer himself did not experience in the least, but this is one of the inevitable consequences of the undefined character of the musical language.

In the case of a descriptive or dramatic work, on the other hand, an element foreign to music directs the composer's thought towards some quite definite object and he is caught up in an atmosphere where musical ideas present themselves in certain particular forms. Themes, harmony, rhythm and orchestral colour are all influenced by it. Although of little account in the case of a certain type of symphonic poem without a detailed programme, this foreign element may become predominant in programme music and in music drama; but whatever its importance, it would be wrong to suppose that the musician remains absorbed in the contemplation of the object of his attention during the whole course of composition of a long work. He will come to a point where his mind will find itself turned in a direction he will follow almost unconsciously and without effort, and he will then be free to bring his whole intellectual power to bear upon the musical aspect of his work.

Needless to say, this is merely a personal view. What is true of one composer cannot be applied to another and I have no doubt that you will gather in some vastly divergent opinions on the subject. A long dissertation might be written on such a subject and I am a little afraid on re-reading what I have said, lest it should be wanting in interest. If I nevertheless send you these few lines it is because I wish to show you how anxious I am not to leave your request unanswered).

FRANZ SCHREKER

Über die Entstehung musikalischer Werke, über die Quelle des Inspiration ist unendlich viel gesagt und geschrieben worden.

Die Lüftung des Geheimnisses ist nicht zu ergründen und nicht zu lösen, da nach meinem Gefühl jedweder Schöpfer musikalischer Werke andere Wege beschreitet, um zu deren Vollendung zu gelangen. Ja, ich gehe so weit zu behaupten, dass sogar ein und dieselbe Person zu verschiedenen Zeiten unter verschiedenen Einflüssen andere Methoden wählt, einer andern Schaffensart sich hingibt, je nach der Beschaffungsart des geplanten Werkes, die naturgemäss auch seine Intuition beeinflusst. Eine Symphonie, ein Quartett, eine Sonate werden sicherlich von rein musikalischen Quellen gespeist, von architektonischen Erwägungen zur Form gerundet. Eine Oper unterliegt unzweifelhaft den Stimmungseingebungen und Erfordernissen des Textes. Milieuschilderungen, symphonische Dichtungen werden von Impressionen aller Art beeinflusst. Man kann nicht sagen, dass ausschliesslich die Inspiration, also eine Art visionäre Eingebung von oben, am Werke sei, ebensowenig als mir für die wahre Kunst der jetzt manchmal gebräuchliche Konstruktivismus vorteilhaft erscheint. Es mangelt mir leider an Zeit, mich über das interessante Thema ausführlich zu verbreiten, und ich möchte nur sagen, es gibt der Wege viel, alle führen nach Rom, wenn sie von echter Schöpferkraft beschritten werden.

(Infinitely much has been said and written concerning the origin of musical works and the sources of inspiration. The secret is not to be discovered, nor the riddle to be solved, for it seems to me that each creator of musical works treads a different path in order to arrive at their consummation. I would even go so far as to maintain that one and the same individual, at various times and under various influences, chooses different methods and gives himself up to a different mode of production, according to the nature of the work he plans, which must of necessity influence his intuition. A symphony, a quartet, a sonata, must surely flow from purely musical sources and be shaped by architectural considerations. An opera is unquestionably subject to mood inspirations and to the exigencies of the libretto. Tone pictures and symphonic poems are the outcome of a variety of impressions. It can no more be said that inspiration alone, in the sense of a kind of suggestion from on high, is at work, than the now frequently employed "constructivism" seems to me conducive to true art. Lack of time unfortunately prevents me from going more deeply into this interesting subject; I would only say that there are many ways and that they all lead to Rome, provided they be pursued with true creative force).

CYRIL SCOTT

I am not conscious of inspiration in any grandiloquent sense of the word. My method of composing is simply to improvise in my head or at the piano until something turns up which I like sufficiently to write down. The fact that I compose at all, is due to an urge more or less as insistent as the desire for food when one feels moderately hungry. Moreover, creative work is to my mind the only form of pleasure which ultimately does not engender boredom, and it is both harmless, inexpensive and interesting. Concisely stated, I might, in relation to composing, give the same answer as the man who was asked why he was always in love—viz., because otherwise life would be so dull.

ERNST TOCH

Ich habe erfahren :

Der Einfall ist Alles. Und :

Der Einfall ist nichts.

Er ist nichts ohne das "Handwerk," ohne Gestaltung, Formung, Bändigung des Materials. Und das höchste Können ist nichts ohne den Segen des Einfalls. Ich glaube nicht, dass es eine Meisterschaft gibt, die nicht beides gleichmässig vereinigt. Es hat noch nie einen Meister gegeben, der nur "gekonnt," noch nie einen, der nur "Ideen gehabt" hat.

Was aber—wieder aus meiner Erfahrung—den Einfall betrifft : Er lasst sich in keiner Weise lenken oder gar herbeiführen. Er ist vollkommen unabhängig vom Seelenzustand, von der "Stimmung," von der Beschäftigung. Er ist einfach da, blitzartig, unerwartet, unvorbereitet, und mit absoluter Deutlichkeit. Ich habe nichts zu tun, als ihn zu notieren. Fast noch nie habe ich am Einfall selbst etwas geändert. Seine Herkunft, sein

Entstehen ist mir absolutes Geheimnis. Beim Gehen, beim Lesen, beim Rasieren, beim Essen, in der Unterhaltung mit Menschen, beim Einschlafen, ja selbst im Schlaf, im Traum ist er plötzlich da. Was seine Unabhängigkeit von der jeweiligen seelischen Verfassung betrifft, so liesse sich, wenn überhaupt, am ehesten eine umgekehrte Proportion feststellen: Aus Arger, Verstimmung und ähnlichem Zustand heraus habe ich oft die lustigsten Einfälle und umgekehrt. Tages—und Jahreszeiten, wie andere von sich erzählen, haben auf meine Produktion keinen Einfluss.

Es wäre noch zu sagen, dass der Einfall Alles mitbringt, was er braucht: Seine Bestimmung für die Gattung (Sonate, Konzert, Bühne, etc.), sein "Gewand" (die sogenannte Instrumentation—es ist mir unvorstellbar, wie man einen Einfall "instrumentieren" sollte—), Ausdehnung, Führung, Gang des Stückes. Allerdings kommt es auch vor, dass während der Niederschrift der Gang des Stückes unvorhergesehen ausbiegt. Aber wahrscheinlich liegt auch diese Möglichkeit oder Notwendigkeit im Einfall selbst.

(I have experienced this :—

Idea is everything.

And this :—

Idea is nothing.

It is nothing without craftsmanship, without forming, shaping, subduing of the material. And yet the greatest talent is useless without the blessing of ideas. I do not believe that there can be such a thing as mastery without an equal fusion of the two. There has never yet been a great composer who was only a craftsman, and never yet one who only had conceits.

But what I know from experience about ideas is this: they cannot in any way be guided, much less summoned at will. They are totally independent of the composer's state of mind, of his mood or his occupation. They are simply there, flashlike, unexpected, unprepared and absolutely distinct. I have nothing to do but to write them down; scarcely ever have I altered any notion that came to me. Its origin and formation are to me a perfect mystery. In the middle of walking, reading, shaving or eating, during a discourse with other people, on falling asleep, even in sleep itself, in my dreams, it suddenly alights on me. As regards its independence of this or that mood, if it were at all possible to lay down any definite observation, it would be rather one of contrary influences. Anger, dejection or some such state as this often produces the merriest ideas and vice versa. Seasons and times of day have none of that effect on my productions about which other composers tell us.)

I might add that notions carry everything they require with them: their own designation of form (sonata, concerto, stage, etc.), the "clothing" (so-called instrumentation—I cannot possibly imagine how an idea could be subsequently "scored"), extent, treatment and progress of the composition. It is true that occasionally the work unexpectedly takes a different turn in the course of notation, but this too is probably due to the possibilities or necessities inherent in the idea itself.

JOAQUIN TURINA

Avec plaisir je réponds à votre deuxième lettre sur l'enquête à laquelle vous vous êtes livré sur l'Inspiration Musicale.

Je ne peux résoudre un problème si difficile, mais je crois que l'Inspiration doit-être tout dans la Musique, car, formules, transformations, développements thématiques, harmonies, polytonalismes—tout passe, seule elle reste à travers les âges, depuis le chant grégorien jusque les plus audacieux travaux les plus modernes. Son origine est toujours mystérieux.

Voici, Monsieur, tout ce que je peux vous dire.

(It is with pleasure that I reply to your second letter concerning your inquiry on the subject of musical inspiration.

I am unable to solve so difficult a problem, but I believe inspiration to be everything that matters in music. Formulas, transformations, thematic developments, harmony, polytonality—everything passes, and inspiration alone remains throughout the ages, from the Gregorian chant to the most daring works of the moderns. Its origin always remains a mystery.

That is all I can tell you.)

CHENEY, PRINTER, BANBURY.

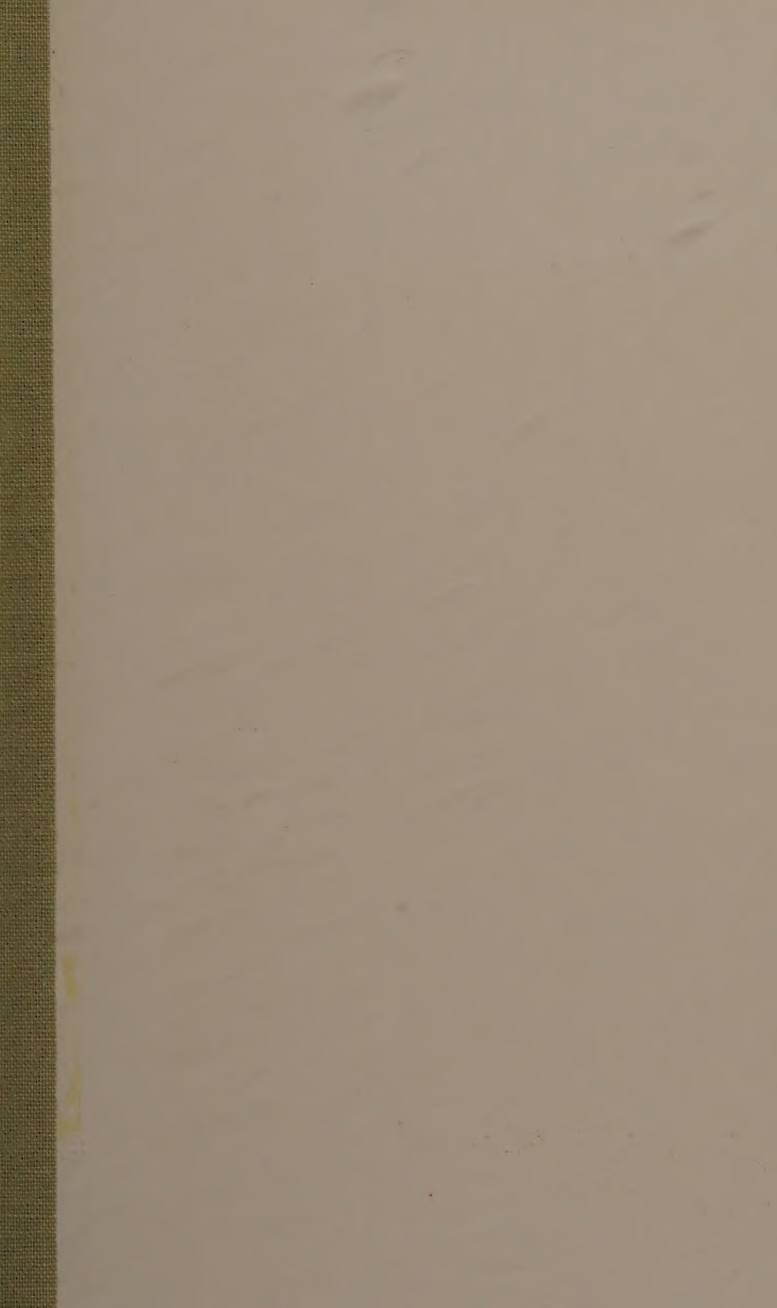
ML 3838.06 1929

8804352

On inspiration, being
opinions expressed by
eminent composers of
to-day on a subject of
general interest

Price—Two Shillings and Sixpence Net.

**RAMAKER LIBRARY
NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE
ORANGE CITY, IOWA 51041**



 C0-AKR-379